Chicago Tribune

VOL. XIX. CHICAGO, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1865. NUMBER 206.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Claims Against the Government.

A TEST CASE ARISING FROM BRITISH PIRACY.

The State Claims and Bounty Question.

Southern Delegations Not Yet Discouraged.

TROUBLE AT JAMES ISLAND, S. C.

Soldiers' and Sailors' National League.

GREAT FIRE AT MONTREAL.

Marine Disasters—Seven Lives Lost off Nantucket.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The Coming Fight on Reimbursement of State Claims—Bounty Question Mixed In—The Soldiers' National Convention—Debt Bill Reported—A Strong Letter in Favor of Negro Suffrage—Mustering-Out of Generals—A Dismal Christmas out of Doors.

(Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.

Christmas has been very generally observed, but the dull dreary weather has prevented the usual festivities at the weather. All government business is suspended, and numerous places have been closed. Senator Nye, of Nevada, left for his home in Nevada Territory, to spend his Christmas with John Bianc Bentz.

The claims of Missouri, for bushes, clothing and supplies furnished to the service of the United States during the late war, which have been pending thousand dollars, will be vigorously pressed upon the attention of Congress. It is said that the United States from other States, are likely to be much longer delayed than those of Missouri. Every effort that will be made, to pass through Congress the bill for the payment of the claims of Missouri upon by them for bounties to volunteers. Owing to this fact, that the Government is anxious to increase the national debt by the assumption of State bounties, it is said that it will be a hard uphill fight for to be both prosecuted and finally paid.

The Southern States are not yet discouraged by the defeat of their delegations at Washington, and Nashville, Tennessee, and Richmond, Virginia, are mentioned as the place where the next Southern Delegations will assemble to make a final effort to obtain their rights in the Government. The Southern Delegations will be accompanied by the Southern Soldiers and Sailors' Union, which is to be established in Nashville, Tennessee, on the 1st of January, 1866. The Union is to be composed of Soldiers and Sailors in the Confederate Service, and will be a very large and powerful organization. It will be the Soldiers' Union of the South, and will be composed of the Soldiers and Sailors who have served

Chicago Tribune.
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Address—CHICAGO TRIBUNE, Chicago, Ill.
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1865.

NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION.

Receipts from Sales of the Chicago Daily Newspapers, for the Quarter ending

Sheets of Paper.	May 1, 1865.
Tribune	2,277,000
Times	1,000,000
Journal	190,000
Post	100,000
Gross in Tribune	2,270,000
Times, Journal and Post combined	2,100,000

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Has the Republican party force and principle enough to complete the work of the abolition of slavery, or is it about to divide, leaving that work half done? Which is to be worse that undone? Mr. Seward has issued his proclamation that slavery has been constitutionally abolished, and the country is expected to point to cotton over the announcement. The country coolly takes a piece of scrip, reads the black nodes of the Southern States, reads social history for six months past, and tells Mr. Seward his proclamation is not worth the paper on which it is written. Slavery is not abolished; the colored race have merely been outlawed. Instead of each slave being the property of one master, as heretofore, the entire four millions of slaves are the property of the eight millions of masters as a class. The whites have monopolized all the rights of citizenship, of owning or leasing land, bearing arms for self-defence, of adjusting rates of wages for labor, of declaring, trying and punishing crimes, of deciding all questions and differences between parties and juries, of regulating the negro's employments and his mode and measure of redress for injuries, in short all that the exclusive right to vote and make laws, confers, is absolutely denied to one-third of the population of the South are merely lifted from the lowest of all kinds of slavery, into another and a milder form of slavery, which, the writers of ancient England, the Republics of ancient Rome, the Helots of Greece or the Hebrews under the rule of the Pharaohs never imagined, or, if they did, they knew of no State. Their taskmasters are the Legislature, Sheriffs and Justices of the Peace, or the roving bands of irresponsible regulators, who are authorized to take the place of the lawful authorities. But now, as under the state of absolute slavery, a portion of a population, as a whole, have no rights which the white population are bound to respect. If the white choose to enact that a negro shall have the right to live, it is the right of the white man so to enact; that is expected, not the inherent right of the negro to live. So of all other "rights" that may be extended to the negro.

The practical doctrine which underlies all Southern society to-day, and which forms the basis of the President's policy of reconstruction, is that the negro is not by inherent right a citizen, and that he has no rights which white men are bound to respect. This is the theory of President Johnson, of Senators Doolittle, Cowan and Hendricks and Representative Raymond. This is the faith of all Copperheads and rebels. It is the faith in which slavery was conceived and in which it lived for two generations, who is such from principle, denies it has cited.

But there are a few Republicans who have no sympathies in common with the white-and-red Copperheads, with whom politics are a game, and principles a stick in trade with which to buy office. Such think that the only party which is to accomplish what they are elected to office. But even the honest Republicans on the one side (and they are represented by the leaders of the party in both houses of Congress) and those "white-washed" Democrats, Copperheads and rebels on the other, the contest is not impending. It is one of vital importance. If the Republicans shall succeed, equal laws and justice to all men, secured by admitting all men into the body politic, will end slavery forever. There will be no room for the formation of sectional parties, Northern or Southern, for the entire people, North and South, will stand on a perfect footing of equality. There will be no fear of slavery left to abolish, no sectional evil to form the basis of sectional strife; but the nation will be homogeneous and all her people will be free.

On the contrary, if the honest and true men of this country shall fail or falter in the contest, or lose of their strength, if the President's preliminary reconstruction policy shall be permitted to succeed, if the rebel whites of the South get back into the Union unscathed, and the loyal colored men of the South and North shall be left out, outlawed and rejected as a class poor, partial, doomed and condemned people, then will sectional parties, founded on these sectional wrongs and bitterness, again arise and continue their political warfare until it shall culminate in another civil war like the last. It matters little to the fate of the African race in America whether the Republican party shall betray the work of emancipation into the hands of its enemies or not. If they betray the trust, new parties will be formed to maintain it. But if the Republican party shall be divided, the party faction which gave satrap after false Gods must bear the burden and the responsibility. Never was a party more true all hard to its great democratic principles of equal justice to all men, than are the earnest Republicans of to-day in their efforts to complete and insure the work of emancipation.

FEEDING THE ARMIES.

We give in another column the report of Commissary General Eaton, which shows how our armies were fed during the great Rebellion. It is the boldest of the Department reports that we have, but contains the proofs to make hereafter a full, and what cannot fail to be, valuable exhibit of the total quantity of each article of subsistence stores purchased year by year during the four years of the war. The present document is therefore only broadly suggestive of the immense magnitude of the operations of this Bureau, and in this respect stands as the sequel, and in no small degree the secret of the just published report of money expenditure in the Quartermaster's Department. To follow our late immense armies with their supplies, and to have earned the confidence and the stockholders of four great companies the praise, that in no instance, has an army movement failed through inability of the Commissaries to meet all proper requisitions, is an achievement which, divided between the Departments, that which provided and that which transported these stores, never sought credit for, and the history of the war from all sources confirms the truth of the statement. It seems to be here said that, as a certain class of extra pensioners upon the sympathy of the loyal public in behalf of the "poor" but noble voluntary channel of all our soldiers. Our Army has been kept by the fidelity of the provisions and thoroughness of the Department, which was, here throughout the war the staple and chief support of supply of the army, and within which it could not have moved a step.

The only figures given in this report of Gen. Eaton, indicative of the immense labor of the Department, are contained in the assertion that during 1865 seven thousand commissary packages per day were shipped from the whole domain of states at New York city, and in the year following, from the same point, a daily average of only a few hundred less. It may be thought that the proposed statistics which will form a valuable addition to the warmth and business figures of the country during war, for there were other impressive figures of supply East and West, as to the wise policy of the Department to buy in the principal markets, and everywhere by a liberality to foster supply projects. An item interesting general consulting of supply, then it is covered in the substantial sum stated to outlaw that the bales, tallow, and rolls of sheepskin, the hides, and the tanned leather, and a quarter million dollars, in the four years of the war. The liberality of our loan agents, then, is the way to make more earning by supply, than to lay supply "dead" in every case, resulting from the chance of the supply to hospitals and prison camps, once used and destroyed treating then belonging to disposal of the full army ration. A return is a product of this but it stands in this report, showing that it is the case of the prisoners the "rebel" "dead" was unconsted to convert into similar dollars.

The 12th of the year found the Department fully supplied, and there has been no call to the contractors, since the close of the year. In the case of the departments in stock in hand to perishable and must be disposed of. Still more in the Department of Subsistence, which is so valuable in peace as in war, and especially in the power following our fully struggle which feels the bonds filled with relief and relief visitors, the foreign of the rebellion. Every hand pulling the foreign of the Commissary Department has felt the necessity of food and in dispensing their supplies, the Department of Great Britain, the Department of Subsistence, or rebellion, or revolution, or war, or peace, or anarchy, or anything, or nothing, or anything, or nothing, or anything, or nothing

FIRST AND LAST.

A Love Story.

(From Bentley's New Monthly.)

CHAPTER I.—THE FIRST OF THE FIRST.

The stillness of a summer's day was over every thing, only broken, now and then, by the shouts of a troop of boys, the university pupils so remarked during the noon recess. I was home in time to hear the last stroke of the second hour, standing before the black board with a clash pencil in my fingers, but I was not working, but gazing out of the window upon the lovely landscape, which lay stretched by my side. No, oh, no, the place, the time, my office, all had gone from me! I did not hear the university students run in the play-ground, though I felt the warm breath of one, as he passed me to the desk which stacked it. I was putting the finishing touches to a sketch, which I had cut quite outline, but to me, who saw it through the atmosphere of passion and hope, it had all the fulness and color of a perfect picture. There were the sheany curls and the dark blue eyes of Evelyn Ward—there the height of brows, the smooth white forehead, the ever-changing mouth. I stood back a little and took a long look at it. She was so beautiful and I had the power to reproduce that beauty! I think, even now, that I have never very striking likeness, considering the materials from which it was made. Evelyn was the pride of the school and the idol of the great man of the village—Ward, the cotton factor. I was a boy of about her own age, Lyndal Mantlea, the son of the widow Bulstrode. And there I was, in all the presumption of youth and ambition, giving my secret dreams a shape. It would do no harm; she would not see it, no one would be the wiser for it. I had passed over the most necessary hundred times that her picture dwelt me—I had seen her in every way with every shade of color which her glittering hair, dark, on, I knew all her looks and motions, caution and simplicity. I knew that every boy in the school was a worshipper at her shrine, and that he dare not even complacently upon one of us was upon Willis Green, who was going away to college in the autumn, and who was the idol of those boys was, to the passion I felt for her, like the glimmer of a candle to the light of heaven's constancy of the sun. I loved her. I was only seventeen, but I was a poet and dreamer, and all my feelings had, for the first time, entered about her.

I stood back and gazed upon the image I had created—I forgot the hastening moments, the peril of detection—I was not in that dull schoolroom, I was in a Paradise, where with Evelyn, and she was mine, for I had made her. The door opened and my father, in a smile and invite me. Why not she? Again I drew near the picture, and, thrilling as every vein did now, I kissed and pressed my lips to those I had imaged.

Fatal indulgence!

I heard a titter—two, three, a dozen suppressed titters, swelling into a burst of laughter behind me. Half the school was laughing at me, and the "master" in the background. Some not-over-great map of a girl had come softly into the room, discovered the nature of my room studies, and feel silently away to report the state of affairs, meaning with an eager body of recruits, stealing in on tiptoe to surprise the enemy. The blood which had surged so deliciously in my heart dingled mortally in my ears. With a desperate attempt to join in the laugh, I glanced round upon the crowd. Evelyn Ward was there, standing with her hand upon her brother's shoulder, on other cheek. I knew that round, blushed, I could have fancied the minute the mist of my confusion; but she did not answer to my glance, she turned her ear and turbached, I felt cold and pale. The sudden revulsion was almost too great for my power of endurance. I was a proud boy and dreamed of manhood, but can sympathize with the pain of a young girl who had blushed when I whispered to myself in the stillness of night, that I loved. Evelyn Ward—poor Evelyn Ward—was the idol of those hateful boys and tormenting girls! The moment of my misery was the last time she weighed upon my soul. In my distress I cast my eyes upon the master. He was a gentleman—in spite of poverty and a shabby coat—and a glimpse of a smile disturbed his sereno features. Perhaps he was a man of feeling, like myself. He came to the rescue nobly.

"Really, Mantlea, you have a surprising talent for drawing. Let Willis Green see this portrait as that, I'd be tempted to kiss it!"

"Take it, sir, and welcome, my children. Don't you hear the bell?"

As they turned to obey him, Evelyn took her little hand from the shoulder of her brother, and, with a gesture of angelic kindness, pointed to my picture from the blackboard. I went up to her, and, forth my rhetoric, and tried to fix my mind on the tropes and metaphors which I had piled upon the page before me. I did not dare to look up, for I felt that the whole unusually still, only a shy murmur coming now and then from where a class of girls was reciting. Then I heard Willis Green ask, in his clear, young voice, "permission to speak with Bulstrode on a matter of importance."

"You can speak to me, Mantlea," said the master.

"I thought he would like to be informed that there was chalk on the end of his nose."

With what cool malice he announced the indignation! Some half-suppressed giggle ran around the benches, the master turned to see what was the matter, and, as he was good-natured, and had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and, after a moment's struggle, was compelled to join in the ringing laugh, followed in chorus by the whole school. Evelyn Ward looked quite doubtful and glanced wickedly at Willis Green, who tossed his handsome head, quite certain that he had conquered. They were both, I knew, very sensitive, and I was a poor and dreamer, and all my feelings for life in that hour centered about her.

I stood back and gazed upon the image I had created—I forgot the lastening moments, the peril of detection—I was not in that dull schoolroom, I was in a Paradise, where with Evelyn, and she was mine, for I had made her. The door opened and my father, in a smile and invite me. Why not she? Again I drew near the picture, and, thrilling as every vein did now, I kissed and pressed my lips to those I had imaged.

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THE CITY.

CHRISTMAS.

Its Observance in Chicago.

AMUSEMENTS, ETC.

MARINE DISASTERS FOR 1865.

Full Particulars of the Disasters for Each Month in the Year.

An Unusually Large Record.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Below will be found our usual annual statement of disasters during the year closed, which have been collected from the list of casualties as published in the Free Press, received and published daily during the year, and from a careful review of the previous months' record, as published in the Free Press at the time, and from the following statement, and from other sources, which we have carefully compared, and have, if published, which could not be obtained, we have added to the list, and have given another of the season, which contains a number of disasters in 1865.

JANUARY		27
FEBRUARY		27
MARCH		27
APRIL		27
MAY		27
JUNE		27
JULY		27
AUGUST		27
SEPTEMBER		27
OCTOBER		27
NOVEMBER		27
DECEMBER		27
Total		324

JANUARY.

Schooner Ship-Horse on the beach of St. Joseph harbor; a total loss and a total wreck.

Schooner Ellen Stewart; foundered in Lake Michigan; crew saved; valued and insured; raised and repaired.

APRIL.

Schooner Bandit—Ashore at Grand Haven; foot hook lower; raised and repaired.

Scow Lake Lower Scott; anchor and deck load number on Lake Huron.

Schooner C. S. Johnson—Damaged in sails and rigging on Lake Erie.

Schooner Ellen—Cargo lumber; ashore at Point Betsey; raised and brought to Chicago.

Schooner Fairchild—Cargo lumber; ashore near Pentwater; raised and brought to port.

Schooner Atlantic—Damaged in head-gear in Detroit River by collision with the Ariel.

Schooner Belle—Broke her rudder on Lake Michigan; towed to port by propeller H. F. Wade.

Schooner R. C. Hilton—Ashore at Point Betsey; raised and repaired.

Schooner Ontario—Ashore at Point au Sable; a total loss.

Schooner E. K. Fairbanks—Ashore at Point Betsey; raised and repaired.

Schooner Ship-Horse—Ashore at Jib-boom and gear in Lake Michigan; a total loss.

Schooner Ontario—Ashore at Point au Sable; a total loss.

Schooner Champion—Ashore at Point Betsey; raised and repaired.

Schooner Twin Sisters—Foundered in Lake Michigan; a total loss.

Schooner Ontario—Ashore at Point au Sable; a total loss.

Schooner Twin Sisters—Foundered in Lake Michigan; a total loss.

Schooner Ontario—Ashore at Point au Sable; a total loss.

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